



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

BUD CROSSMAN SAYS:

"Read Dorothea Castelhun's 'The wittles is up' on Page 6 of this issue of THE CYMBAL."

OUR LIBRARY FUND

We haven't the surprise for you we promised this week, but it will be ready to spring before June 15, we assure you of that. But we have something pleasant to write about our Library Fund. Our increase this week is pitifully small in the quantity of it, but tremendously big in the nature of it. We had previously acknowledged \$141.10. This week we have pridefully to report an additional \$2 from Ernest R. Calley and \$1 from his son, Douglas Calley. That makes the total to date \$144.10.

A SUGGESTION TO F.D.R.

Dear Mr. President:

Before the close of your next Fireside Chat say this to your people of the United States:

"Now for a personal word, somewhat a composite personal word, from Franklin D. Roosevelt and the President of the United States. You have been reading in the newspapers over the past few months repeated expressions of wonder as to whether or not I will be a candidate for a third term. My answer to that question is—I do not know. In the desperate world situation of today; a situation that increasingly menaces the heritage of the American people and threatens our way of life and our freedom as human beings, I have found it necessary to devote all my thoughts, my energy and my action to an endeavor to assure the future of our republic. I have had neither the time nor the inclination to consider a political situation which in normal times would demand my attention.

"And now, if I consider it at all, I am compelled as a citizen of the United States completely bound to think how I can best contribute all I possess of knowledge and experience and labor, as you are contributing yours, to the saving of our nation. If, when the time comes to decide, I can assure myself that your future and mine can best be served by my stepping down from the leadership this office gives me, I shall do that and work with you in the ranks. If it seems to me that I can contribute more as a citizen in the position I now hold, I shall let you citizens decide by registering your choice of candidates of which I shall be one.

"But, in either case, the responsibilities which I have today; responsibilities which I could not dream of having when I took office in 1933, demand my complete attention. I shall have no time for political activities. And I shall ask the Democratic Party of which I am by precedent the head, to forego a political campaign and to divert time, energy and money that would be so used, to channels which are directly concerned with the preservation of our country and its ideals of freedom and happiness."

—W. K. B.

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Tony and Jinga Lawrence left for Los Angeles yesterday, taking both the police dog and the cocker with them. They're boarding out the cats. They'll be back this weekend, but leave almost immediately for Seattle to be gone perhaps until July 10.

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 12 - No. 22

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA - MAY 31, 1940

FIVE CENTS

NIELSEN TO RUN, DESPITE RUMORS

A LETTER FROM ROBINSON JEFFERS AND OUR ATTEMPT AT A REPLY

Editor the Carmel Cymbal.

Dear W. K. B.:

Your story and editorial about the protests to the sewerage of Carmel Point seem to me to present a false picture. I am sure this is not intentional, and I hope you will give me space to answer it.

In the first place, neither Van Riper nor ourselves started any petition. Petitions were brought to us and we signed them; and I wrote a letter of protest solely on behalf of my wife and myself. The majority of the protestants own from one to four lots each.

Second: you take the trouble to speak of our \$5000 house on \$100,000 worth of land. I think you over-rate both values; but in any case I am very sorry that the land value has increased so ridiculously since we bought the place. There are plenty of building-lots around Carmel and we do not feel that we are doing the public an injury, but perhaps even a slight service, by keeping a little field where wild flowers can grow—in memory of what Carmel was like when we came here.

And, at your own reckoning, why should a \$5000 house, on \$100,000 worth of land be asked to pay for a sewer that it does not need—twenty times as much as a \$50,000 house on \$5000 worth of land?

One more question; but I can answer this one. Why does our little house have neither electric light nor gas nor telephone? For exactly the same reasons that lead us to oppose the sewer project: because we don't need them and can't afford them. (To date the Utilities Companies have never billed us for other people's installations.) So you see it is not exactly a class-struggle out here on the Point.

Sincerely,

—ROBINSON JEFFERS

Tor House, May 28

Dear Robin:

My admiration for the wisdom of restraint in your reply to my comments on the sewer situation on The Point. I hope I can attain the same spirit of sober discussion of the points you make.

In the first place, my comments did not contain the accusation that you and Van Riper had started the petitions against the sanitary project. They did say that you were battling against the project. That is a journalistic term meaning that you are opposing it, and you are, aren't you?

On your second argument, I have this to say. I wholeheartedly sympathize with you in the situation you find yourself in. When you bought that land and built Tor House you were virtually all by yourself out there on The Point. You had acquired a home where you wanted it and you expected, or you hoped, that your surroundings of unoccupied, uncontaminated land would remain so for many years. That you guessed wrong and that your hopes have been shattered is very much too bad. Personally I am sorry that you could not have maintained the isolation you desired and which, as a great contributor to the finer things of life, you so certainly deserved. But today you must deal, not with hopes and theories, but with conditions, and your tower has been assailed. Land that you wanted only for its emptiness of everything but grass and trees and flowers has now acquired the questionable virtue of gold in the real estate marts. You bought a hillside of wildflowers and you are compelled now to see it in its new and ugly reality of potential building lots. You bought grass and shrubs and trees and by a distasteful alchemy they have become hideous dollars and cents. And now the abhorrent voice of real estate values says to you: "Either take the price we have built up for you on your 36 lots or pay the price, lot for lot, that holding them requires."

It is a deplorable situation but it is a *cul de sac* for you. You can get out of it only one way and that way, I contend, is unfair to other property owners on The Point who want connection with a sewer whether you do or not, but cannot have it if your protest, and that of other owners of large bunches of lots, are sufficient to kill the project.

And remember this, the chance now to put in sewers on The Point means that those property owners will have to pay less than one-third of the total cost, and that opportunity may not occur again.

Your comparison of the sanitary project with public utilities won't do. Again you must deal with a condition, not a theory. Your refusal to have gas, electricity and telephone in your house does not deprive your neighbor of having them. Your refusal to have a sewer can do that and, with the aid of other large property owners, probably will.

—W. K. B.

PHILLIPS' MISSION MODEL AT SAN FRANCISCO FAIR

The beautiful and perfect model of the Carmel Mission, a labor of years by Ben Phillips, is now in the Mission Trails building at the San Francisco Fair. Carl Bensberg made this possible by donating the use of his truck and himself transporting the model to the Fair from Carmel. The city council had no funds to pay the costs. The model has been in the Mission itself, and will be returned there at the close of the Fair.

ALL SAINTS' SERVICES

At All Saints' Church next Sunday the Service of Holy Communion will be held at 8 a.m. At 9:30 a.m. the Church School begins, and at 11 a.m. Morning Prayer with the sermon message by the Rev. C. J. Hulswé. At this service, the graduating class of Sunset School will be in attendance by special invitation. The choir anthem will be Semper's *If Ye Love Me*, and the full vested choir will participate in the service under the leadership of Reu E. Manhire.

"Streets of N.Y." On Again This Week-End

It's a tradition with the Troupers of the Gold Coast always to have a show going on for Monterey's birthday, so, in spite of the fact that a variety of unavoidable incidents spirited away five of their principals, "The Streets of New York" opened for its third run last night under Denny Watrous management and will play at the First Theater in Monterey through Monday.

The Troupers had their chance to prove themselves actually a stock company as old players stepped up at short notice to occupy leading roles. Eddie George, who played Dan before, now plays Paul Livingstone because John Good is momentarily expecting a call to Hollywood. Willis Mae McIntosh, whom you remember as Mrs. Puffy, is now Mrs. Fairweather, formerly played by the absent Wilma Bott, and doing an excellent piece of work.

Most interesting of all is the appearance of Bob and Florence Cochran, introduced to the Peninsula for the first time in the parts of Mark Livingstone and Lucy Fairweather. These two had their own company of players up in Laramie, Wyo., where they specialized on melodrama. Bob is taking Lee Crowe's part and, believe it or not, you're going to like him as well as you did Lee, if not better. Florence is just the type for this sort of theater and makes an exceptionally appealing Lucy.

Stealing the show is Beth Murphy (Elsbeth Frellson) in the part of Mrs. Puffy. This talented girl is doing things with the part that will make history. Don't miss her. She's in the olio, too. And remember George Goslar in "The Good Hope"? Well, he's doing Dan Puffy, and you're going to be talking about him, too. You'll like Louise Welty as Alida Bloodgood. Altogether the Troupers have done themselves proud.

—M. W.

Food Sale To Be Held Tomorrow

Tomorrow morning, beginning sharply at 9 o'clock, the old Bank of Carmel building on Ocean Avenue will be open for a food sale to be given by the auxiliaries of Carmel Community Church.

Food, prepared in the kitchens of our Carmel housewives, is unfailing as an excellent reason to spend money for a good cause, and precedent has established the fact that the supply always runs out long before the day is over, so you should get there early. Among the variety of foods on sale will be sandwiches, made to order, salads, tamale pies, meat loaves, cakes, pies, breads, spaghetti, cookies, jellied moulds, deviled eggs and Spanish beans.

The proceeds will buy furnishings and equipment for the recently re-modeled Community Church.

MAWDSLEY WILL BE APPOINTED SCHOOL BOARD FINANCIAL EXPERT

Despite rumors which have been floating up and down Ocean Avenue for the past week, Harold Nielsen is NOT withdrawing as a candidate for member of the Carmel School board and he will NOT resign if elected on June 7.

It has been reported and repeated that Nielsen, after announcing his candidacy, had arrived at the conclusion that the time and energy required of a school trustee would be detrimental to his business interests. But under a plan now proposed, whereby the board will employ a financial expert to handle all routine matters, such as bids, contracts, audits, etc., the duty and responsibility of the trustees will be limited to their executive and administrative functions. They will not be compelled to do the detailed jobs which are better and more efficiently handled by an expert.

At present it is the proposal that Peter Mawdsley, retiring as chairman of the board on July 1, will be the appointee to the expert's job, a position for which he is eminently fitted. The school laws permit the appointment of such an officer and the business before the school district at this time appears to require this special service.

On the ballot Friday, June 7, then, will appear the names of Shelburn Robison (incumbent), Peter Ferrante and Harold Nielsen as candidates for the three vacancies on the board. The polling place is the Sunset school and the polls will be open from 9 o'clock in the morning until 7 in the evening.

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Kuster To Repeat 'Our Town' Tonight

"Our Town," Edward G. Kuster's production of the Thornton Wilder Pulitzer Prize play, which was presented by a local cast Sunday and Monday evenings at the Playhouse, will be repeated tonight (Friday). The entire proceeds, it is announced, will go to war relief. The play will start at 8:30 o'clock.

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SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL TO BE HELD JULY 27, 28, 29 AND AUGUST 1, 2, 3

Bert Heron has set the dates for the Shakespeare Festival. "Macbeth" will be given July 27, 28 and 29; "Twelfth Night" August 1, 2 and 3.

Beginning tomorrow, June 1, regular rehearsals will be held Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons from 3 o'clock until 5 o'clock on the stage of the Forest Theater. There are parts still to be assigned, so anyone who is interested is welcome to come up and see what he or she would like to do.

The reading group which has been meeting at the library of Sunset School will not meet again until after the Festival.

In Special Exercises Two Sunset Classes Celebrate Wednesday Their Entrance To Carmel High School in September

"It won't be long now," is the phrase which the seventh and eighth graders of the Carmel Junior High School are using. They mean it will soon be the night for their graduation.

The program will begin with a processional. The graduates will march down the aisles two by two, and when they reach the stage they will be seated in tiers facing the audience.

PROGRAM OF EXERCISES

for
Eighth Grade Graduates and Seventh Grade Students
Sunset Auditorium
7:30 p.m.
June 5, 1940

Orchestra Selections

Finale from Petite Suite.....Gluck
Allegro from Water Music Suite.....Handel

Processional

Coronation March from "The Prophet".....Meyerbeer
(Recording)

Presentation of Class

(District Superintendent of Schools) Otto W. Bardarson

Student Speakers

Farewell to Sunset.....Milton Thompson
(representing Seventh Grade)

The Facilities of the Carmel High School.....John Mooring
(Eighth Grade student)

Our High School Program.....James Handley
(Eighth Grade student)

Coming Back.....Richard Williams
(High-school junior, representing returning students)

The Spirit of the New Carmel High School.....Suzanne Watson
(Eighth Grade student)

A Cappella

Bandemeer's Stream.....Irish
Lift Thine Eyes.....Mendelssohn

Crusader's Hymn.....German

Presentation of Diplomas and Certificates

(Chairman, Board of Trustees) Peter Mawdsley

Recessional

Grand March from "Aida".....Verdi

Reception in School Library

(The party which follows is for seventh and eighth grade students only)

EIGHTH GRADE GRADUATES

Barbara Bolin Marie Elizalde
Rose Gossler Lillis Harris
Noreen Kelsey Cynthia Klein
Celle Anne McAllister Ada Torres
Elizabeth Stanley Dorothy McEntire
Helen Waltz Suzanne Watson
Baird Bardarson Richard De Amaral
Elinor Smith William Goss
Jim Greenan Bob Holm
Louis Levinson John Mooring
Emile Passaligue Bradley Quinn
Tony Van Riper Richard Uzzell
Irving Williams Walter Warren
Maxine Chappell Delaware Wilson
Clara Hitchcock Mary Fleming
Jeannette Parkes Phyllis Jones
Kraig Short Mona Sage
Marian Wermuth Ruth Smith
Russell Bohlke Dorris Westcott
Richard Cota Edward Burhans
Richard McKnight Jack Garisell
Louis Machado Ray McDonald
John Graham William Mayes, Jr.
Tommy Leach James Handley
George Moller Howard Lockwood
Fred Noller William Monroe

COMPLETING THE SEVENTH GRADE

Richard Rahn Ray Parsons
John Wegold Hans Sappok
Norvell Yerkes Walter Wisse
Vivian Ohm
Virginia Alger Jill Arnold
Virginia Bussey Carolyn Cory
Peggy Doud Ruth Funchess
Flora-Lee Koepf Barbara McReynolds
Ann Pierce Mary Jane Reel
Betty Smith Jean Staniford
Nancy Street George Atherton
Oliver Bassett Bob Elias
Stanley Ewig Orval Mead
Don Mooring Billy Rissel
Bob Weer Billy Wihart
William Askew, Jr. Fennimore Bradley
Irene Erickson Gareth Geering
John Goulart James Heisinger
Wileen Jones Leo Juri, Jr.
Sponja Koehler Patricia Lovell
Kathleen McAulay Judith McMahon
Joy Melrose Ellsworth Montgomery
Emilie Noller Shellman Olmsted
Bonnie Dee Olson Milton Thompson
Virginia May Shepard Betsy Roeth
Ester Van Niel Claire Warner
Mast Wolfson, II Joan Sturtevant

MYRA KINCH DANCES HERE SATURDAY, JUNE 22

Myra Kinch, celebrated dancer, with her company, appears in the Sunset Auditorium Saturday evening, June 22, under the Denny-Watrous management. Myra Kinch has become a prime favorite in Southern California and on the Pacific Coast for her amazingly clever and humorous ballets, as well as for her own superb dancing.

Her company includes a dozen dancers of outstanding talent, skill and reputation. The Myra Kinch Ballet will include in its Carmel

Giglio Opera Is a Beautiful Night Of Music

Well, the Giglio Twentieth Century Opera Company had everything that Victor Giglio had promised us it would have and if it lost money in Carmel I feel sure that that will not be the case hereafter. I only wish we had been able to prevail upon Giglio to keep the price of the tickets down. But I think this opera company is slated for success. Giglio has done the job too thoroughly and is too sincere in his desire to build a permanent thing for it to lapse into obscurity.

The voices were excellent. Outstanding were Jane McCoy, Sandro Giglio and Jaye Sunseri. Jane McCoy as Lucia in the woodland trysting scene from the first act of "Lucia" charmed me particularly with the youthful quality of her coloratura soprano and the charm and sweetness of her appearance. Sandro Giglio as Athanael in "Thais," and as Amonasro in "Aida" was most impressive. He has a baritone voice of unfailing richness and clarity; his manner of projecting the characters he portrays is one of understatement rather than over-emphasis; he has a mighty fine pair of legs. Jaye Sunseri, the soprano whom they saved for the last act to play Aida in the Nile scene, was unforgettable. Her voice has a brilliant fluid quality, an impassioned soaring sound, ideally suited to the part. She is a little thing, her body beautifully proportioned.

Of the two tenors, Antonio Mendez was the best. His voice was particularly pleasing in the scene from "Lucia" when he and McCoy sang in duet. Thomas Redican has terrific power and I understand why they speak of this Irishman as having a voice of Italian dramatic quality. A little restraint would have been well, I believe.

Carlo Ruffino, the basso, was heard but briefly as the High Priest, Ramfis, in "Aida," but that was enough to make me wish there had been more of him. Muriel Elgar's mezzo soprano had great strength and mobility and her youth and dark beauty are decided assets. I felt, however, that she was constantly aware of the fact that she is an actress. Katherine Skidmore as Thais I liked better in the desert scene than I did in the boudoir. That boudoir scene was a difficult thing to open with, anyway, particularly for an audience whose attitude is one of kindly skepticism. Her soprano is sweet and true.

Maestro Gennaro Maria Curci, at the controls with his baton, handled the singers and the musicians as though it were he who was imbuing them with life.

—MARJORIE WARREN

The Cymbal carries Carmel's atmosphere anywhere in the United States for \$1 a Year.

An Open Letter to Ted Kuster About His Production of "Our Town"

Dear Ted:

Over the past 13 years, extending back to the previous existence of THE CYMBAL, I have written you several open letters, some expressing gratitude for what you have done for the community along the line of dramatic production, and some in lament at your ill-advised endeavors in the same field.

This letter, unhappily but sincerely, has to be a lament. I am exceedingly sorry about your production of "Our Town" these last Sunday and Monday nights. It did not get over; it very definitely did not get over, and responsibility for that fact must be definitely laid right smack at your door.

Ted, you didn't do right by your cast in "Our Town," a cast that in more than a majority of its personnel, did do right by you. You didn't know your lines; you hardly knew any of your lines if my check of what I heard from the prompter and what I heard from you, unaided by the prompter, is anywhere near correct. Because of this, you not only hampered your cast by slowing down the whole movement of the play, but you drew out the play to the point of several instances of boredom on the part of your audience.

Of course, you have what you may consider good excuses for your failure to know your lines. You had difficulty casting the play, and, too, you had to direct it. But are these good excuses? There is nothing in the penal code of the state of California that compels you to observe any certain date for the production of a play. You should have known a week before the date you had set that you were not ready. For your own reputation as a play producer, a reputation that has in the past been very good indeed, you should not have attempted to give Carmel "Our Town" when you did. I am afraid you have built in your path another hump to get over.

I have another adverse criticism, Ted, and our friendship over the years and my sincere support of you in the face of what I have considered has been unjustified opposi-

tion to you, should steel you to take it in the sympathetic spirit in which it is given.

I think that you misinterpreted your role as Stage Manager in the cast. I believe that as Thornton Wilder wrote it your part was not a positive directing one, but a negative assisting one. Thornton Wilder's Stage Manager effaced himself; you so definitely imposed yourself. You were constantly fidgeting about that stage; even in the tiresomely long ten-minute intermissions you were ever-present, monkeying with the props. As I read the play you should have been a background, an atmosphere, and by that very effacement you would have more potently and more sympathetically been the principal, the delicate sense of which your constant projectiveness destroyed.

I thought some of your actors were exceedingly good. Gene Watson was particularly successful in his interpretation of the professor and Frank Hefling as the editor stood well up with him. Of the others I would say that Betty Bryant, Henry Van Dyke, Ray Brown, Myrtle Stoddard and Frank Dickinson interpreted their parts as well

(Continued on Page Eleven)

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Jessie Joan Writes A Thriller About A Thriller

It's midnight! I'm sitting up in bed writing this with every light in the house turned on, and I'm scared to turn them off. I've been to one of those secret rehearsals of Chick McCarthy's new play, "Criminal At Large," and I'm still shivery. I fully expect all the lights to go out any minute, and a long, thin, claw-like hand to reach out of a secret panel in the wall, grab me, and wrap a curious piece of red cloth from India around my throat, and choke me until my eyes pop right out, while a blood-curdling scream rends the air. The only comfortable thought is that maybe that handsome detective will rush in and save me in the nick of time. I surely hope so.

Edgar Wallace stories always affect me this way, and he is the one who wrote this thrilling, spine-chilling murder play. It's got everything dear to the heart of a mystery-story fan—an English manor house with secret passages; an aristocratic imperious *Lady Lebanon*; a charming young lord; a lovely, frightened girl; a handsome detective and his comic assistant; a mysterious doctor; some very peculiar footmen; and, of course, a butler (every good mystery yarn simply must have a butler). And a "corpus delicti" (there are several of these before the play is over).

It is all terribly exciting and the suspense is terrific. I'll have to wait until the night of the show (it is playing June 13, 14 and 15) to find out Who Did It, because until then absolutely no one but the cast is allowed to see the last act of the play, in which the criminal is finally tracked down with a revolver in one hand and a piece of strangling ribbon in the other. I'll be a nervous wreck long before that, I fear, worrying about it.

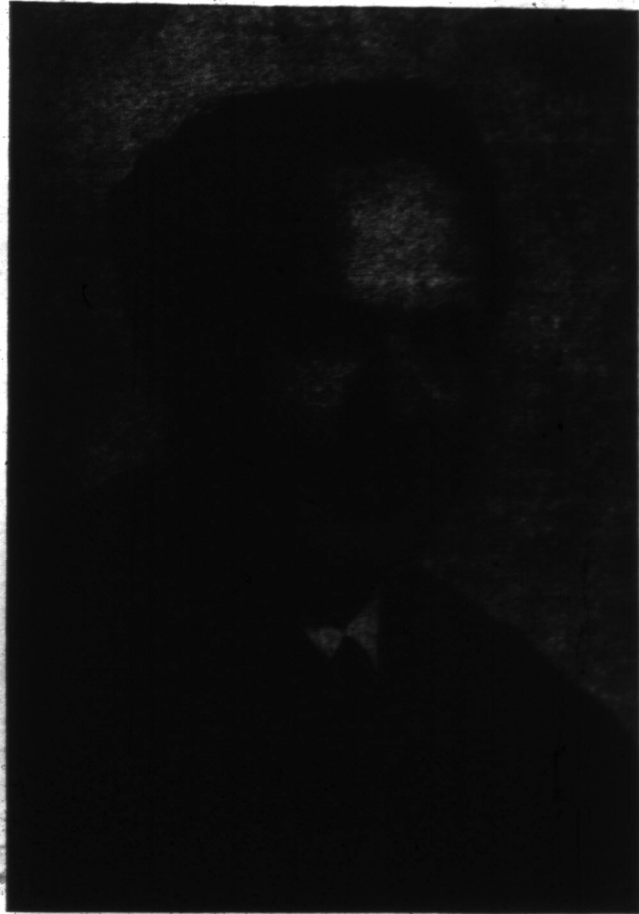
The cast includes such well known thespians as Edith Frisbie, John Good, and Andre French. They seem to be having a wonderful time being mysterious and—shhhhh! What was that? It sounded like footsteps. Maybe it's that murderer! If you'll excuse me, I think I'll just duck under the covers and stay until daylight. Don't forget there's a "Criminal At Large"! —JESSIE JOAN BROWN

MRS. LOUIS SLEVIN HOSTESS TO LA COLLECTA CLUB

Mrs. Louis Slevin, past-president of La Collecta Club, was hostess to 15 members of this group last Wednesday at Robles Del Rio. They had a pot-luck picnic lunch out under the oaks. Two birthdays were celebrated, Mrs. Mildred and Mrs. Doris Haskell being the ones so honored. Mrs. Olive B. Carmean, who is staying with Mrs. Slevin, also joined in the festivities.

Mrs. William Chappell will be the hostess at her home June 19 when the program, in charge of Mrs. Melrose, will be on California history. Each member will be called upon to contribute something to it.

New Pastor of Community Church Preaches His First Sermon Sunday



THE REV. JAMES E. CROWTHER, D.D., new pastor of Carmel Community Church

Dr. James E. Crowther, the new minister of Carmel Community Church, will give his first sermon Sunday. He has chosen for his subject, "The Beloved Church."

Mrs. Grace Howden will be the

soloist on this day, and Mrs. Mary Giesting will play the organ during Jewell Brookshier's absence.

The Church School begins at 9:45 a.m., and Morning Prayer is at 11 a.m.

War Relief Fair Next Thursday

The British War Relief Garden Fair is next Thursday, June 6, and there has been much interest displayed in it from all over the Peninsula. It is to raise funds for Hospital Ship No. 6.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Dienelt are in charge of the supper which will be served from 6:30 o'clock on and for 35 cents you'll get a good one. Mrs. James L. Cockburn is in charge of the afternoon tea; Kit Whitman has a spectacular grab-bag affair all planned; Mrs. Joyce Thompson has arranged a variety of competitive games, and if you're interested in looking into your past, present or future, Ruth Bixler, astrologist, Madame Doreen, clairvoyant, and Mrs. Ann Byers, numerologist, will do their best for you.

Mrs. F. C. Forrest and her committee are in charge of the home-made cakes, candies and roast turkey that will be on sale, plus other edibles. The three pictures on display in the window of the Mission Cleaners will be taken home by somebody—call Mrs. J. E. Abernethy if you want to know further particulars on these—and there's to be an auction sale.

MILDRED PEARSON TO WED. IN SOUTH JUNE 15

Mildred (Tiny) Pearson, daughter of Mrs. David E. Nixon and granddaughter of Mrs. C. E. Newton, both of Carmel, will be married in Glendale June 15 to James M. Doyle at an 8 a.m. ceremony in the Holy Family Church. She will be attended by her two sisters, Mrs. Earl Moore of San Leandro and Dorothy Nixon of Carmel, and by the groom's sister, Kay Doyle, of Los Angeles.

"Tiny" was graduated from Sunset School and Monterey Union High school, took part in a number of amateur theatrical productions including Metz Durham's "Yes, Doctor" and "Midsummer Night's Dream," and has been working for the H. J. Heinz Co. in Los Angeles. The groom-to-be is associated with the same company, and is from St. Paul, Minn., the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Doyle of that city.

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Trained, bench, and sporting dogs of all breeds will compete at the Santa Cruz Dog Show June 16, reports the California State Automobile Association. The event will be held at the high school gym and athletic field under the direction of the Santa Cruz Kennel Club.

Red Cross Plans Exhibit of War Relief Work

There comes a time when a community may take stock and view with pride a true accomplishment when it expresses all that is finest and best.

With a tremendous proportion of our population enrolled in the Carmel Chapter of the American Red Cross, this may be considered as a personal report to the entire town on the part of your chapter organization.

Since Red Cross headquarters assigned a very large quota of garments and layettes to us some brief weeks ago, the full force of our efforts has been devoted to raising funds, procuring materials, and making the articles. The dresses for women, girls and children are of excellent quality and workmanship and are made in a manner that shows taste and style in addition to their utilitarian attributes.

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BUSINESS GROUP GIVES \$75 TO BACH PUBLICITY

News of last week's meeting of the Carmel Business Association, held at the Carmel Art Gallery, was, with several other items of interest, crowded out of last week's paper. We wish therefore to note herewith that as guests of Janie Otto, curator, the business people enjoyed their visit to the gallery and looked with varying reactions on the canvases on the walls the while Mrs. Otto gave them an earful of art gallery information.

At their business meeting they appropriated \$75 to help in publicity work for the coming Sixth Annual Bach Festival. They also discussed the summer traffic problem.

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Paul Dougherty, who recently staged a one-man showing of his paintings in New York, was taken seriously ill with pneumonia shortly after the close of the exhibit and is now recuperating at the home of his daughter, Mrs. James Peter Geddes, III, in Providence, R.I. Mrs. Paula Dougherty is at present in Banning, Calif., where her husband is expected to join her shortly.

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CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS PULL

Abbott Dancers at Del Monte on June 7, 8

The Abbott Dancers had planned to take a complete vacation from their rhythmic acrobatics when they come to Del Monte next week.

They have just completed work in Jack Benny's new picture, "Buck Benny Rides Again," as well as an extended engagement at the Coconut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles.

But, hearing these world-famous dancers were coming, Del Monte had other ideas. As a result, Carmel residents will have an opportunity to see them in the Bali Room next Friday and Saturday nights, June 7 and 8.

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On the open-ocean side of the Monterey Peninsula Everybody Reads The Cymbal.



ANNOUNCEMENT

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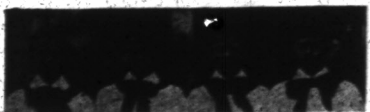
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[Protestant - Episcopal]
MONTE VERDE AND OCEAN AVENUE
The Rev. C. J. Hulsewé, Rector
"A House of Prayer for All People"



8:00 a.m. Holy Communion
9:30 a.m. Church School
11:00 a.m. Morning Prayer and Sermon

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The Carmel Cymbal
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W. K. BASSETT, EDITOR

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CARMEL TIDES

(This week by courtesy of the "Pine Cone")

June	LOW	HIGH
1	1:47a 0.7ft	7:56a 3.3ft
	12:55p 1.7	7:28p 4.9
2	2:23a 0.3	8:49a 3.4
	1:33p 1.9	7:59p 4.9
3	2:58a -0.1	9:38a 3.6
	2:12p 2.1	8:29p 5.0
4	3:33a -0.4	10:22a 3.7
	2:52p 2.2	9:00p 5.1
5	4:08a -0.5	11:03a 3.8
	3:32p 2.3	9:33p 5.1
6	4:43a -0.7	11:46a 3.9
	4:14p 2.3	10:08p 5.1
7	5:22a -0.8	12:29p 4.0
	5:00p 2.4	10:47p 5.1

+ + +

"A QUAKER LOOKS AT WAR" AT ALL SAINTS' PARISH HOUSE THURSDAY

Joseph Conard of Mills College will speak on the subject "A Quaker Looks at War" on Thursday, June 6, at 1:30 p.m. in All Saints' Parish House, Carmel. Conard is executive secretary for the Institute of International Relations which will hold its sixth annual session at Mills College June 23-July 3. Last summer Conard attended the Amsterdam Conference and later did refugee work in Berlin and Vienna for the American Friends Service Committee. With this background his talk will have particular importance in such a time as this.

Beginning at 1:30 promptly the program will end in good time for all those interested in attending the garden party, sponsored by the British War Relief committee. The public is invited without charge.

+ + +

CHOIR DIRECTOR AND HIS BRIDE-TO-BE HONORED

Reu E. Manhire, choir director of All Saints' Church, and Miss Ruth E. Colridge, who are to be married June 8, were guests of honor at a dinner given last week by the Choir Mothers' Association. About 69 guests, including the choir, sat down to a dinner which was arranged by Mrs. Hulswé, Mrs. Ernest Leffingwell, Mrs. Carl Rohr, Mrs. F. M. Bell, Mrs. W. D. Yerkes and others.

Miss Colridge and Mr. Manhire were presented with a gift for their new home, and various members of the group presented a varied program of entertainment.

Tomorrow the choir members are going on an all-day trip to the Pinacles.

SATURDAY'S CHILD

(A letter to my neighbors who are going to take part in the Festival this year.)

Dear friends:

I hope that I may call myself your friend because I am so interested in what you are doing for the Festival and so envious of your gifts that permit you to be performers. I suppose the best friendships are made up of just those things, interest and a kind of envious admiration.

Yesterday I asked Dene Denny about rehearsals for this week-end and to my chagrin she said they had called no rehearsals because they didn't believe they could get anyone to come, it being a busy time. What! Not come to a rehearsal!

Bach was born on Saturday. Saturday's child he was, and there is no record throughout his long life that when he was doing a particular thing, he abandoned it for anything; not for Frau Bach, not for his children, certainly not to go picnicking himself.

At ten years of age he was studying the organ from his brother Johann Christoph and spending all of what might have been called his boyhood leisure, in composing. At 15 he went to Luneburg, "far remote from his Thuringian homeland," to join the choir, which, you may believe me, did not rehearse at its own convenience.

In July, 1750, Bach died and in all that time if he did take a holiday, it was to make a long arduous journey, often on foot, to hear other men play in order that he might learn of them.

Now you people of the Festival are doing a very special job. In less than seven weeks from now, on the 45th day from today, you are going to begin a performance for which you have been praised and publicized back and forth across the nation. All the first-rate musical journals and the big newspapers have been told about you and what a fine thing you are accomplishing. People began weeks ago to write to the Denny-Watrous management inquiring information and dates of the Festival. You have a chance, everyone of you, to get in on one of the finest musical events of this time in the greatest country on earth. You are being given the immeasurably unique opportunity to work, free, under a conductor who can and does teach you something out of every breath he takes.

Yet you are going to a party Saturday night, perhaps? Or out into the country on Sunday?

Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear! What can I say to express my indignation? How can I tell you that until you have learned to ask for rehearsals, you won't be fit to sing Bach?

Yes, I know you. You just love being up there on the stage; you adore being a part of the Mission service. The excitement is fun and you feel important. Oh, to hell with you! I say, and mean it. And if I write much more along these lines, I'm going to put my head on my arms and cry with rage and shame.

Usigli and Miss Denny and Miss Watrous are not asking for week-

ends off. As for myself, I, too, shall work Saturdays and Sundays and holidays for the next six and a half weeks, including Memorial Day. I mention this only to say that my work is going to be to praise you far and wide. To say out loud in the most enthusiastic words I can muster, that our chorus and our orchestra are made up of people who, even after a long hard day's work, go eagerly over to the school and rehearse far into the night in preparation for the beautiful job they are going to turn out and in gratitude for the honor that has been conferred on them.

—LYNDA SARGENT

P.S. If this shoe fits, put it on and I hope it gives you corns, calluses and hoof and mouth disease.

P.P.S. And don't blame anyone but me for writing this. I did it on my own initiative and I'm going to hurry it down to the office before I get over my mad.

DOG DAYS- AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Among the attractive young girls assisting in selling poppies the other day was our favorite village belle, Spats Ogden. She trotted about town with her master, Terry Ogden, wearing one of the bright red poppies tucked in her collar. The pretty little brunette attracted no end of attention and was so appealing that she did much toward stimulating the sale of the poppies.

+

Call it coincidence if you like, but Duke Monahan calls it "Kismet."

It seems that when Duke and his twin brother, Whiskey, were babies, Michael Monahan came to the kennels where they lived to adopt one of them. Michael selected Whiskey and was coming back the next day to get him. But when he came back he changed his mind and chose Duke instead, and Whiskey was adopted by another family.

The other day a friend of Michael's saw Duke, she thought, running around the village lost. So she gathered him up and took him to Michael's home, only to be met at the door by Duke, himself. The "Duke" she had picked up was Whiskey. There was a grand reunion between the long-separated twins and great rejoicing that they were together once more. They had just decided that Fate must have meant that they both be Michael's pets when Whiskey's family came

to claim him. There was a tearful farewell as the twins were parted again.

"Oh well, it's Kismet," sighed Duke.

+

It's a small world.

John Eaton writes in a letter from New York how he was "bowling up Park Avenue in a cab and what should he spy but a brace of well-landscaped black-poodles. At their neither end was our own Andre Da Miano."

The poodles, of course, were none other than the beautiful Maria Da Miano and her lovely daughter, Mouse, well known villagers who are now living in New York with their master. This distinguished pair of French Poodles were very popular and well liked during their stay here and it was with much regret that their friends saw them go. They gave such a cosmopolitan touch to the village scene in their smartly-cut, chic black coats. They always created quite a stir whenever they appeared on Ocean Avenue. They don't seem to be doing so badly in the Big City, either.

+ + +

Louis Slevin is in the Peninsula Community Hospital with a broken ankle. It happened one day last week in front of the post office.

DEMOCRATIC WOMEN'S CLUB MEETS FRIDAY, JUNE 7

The Sunset School lunchroom will be the meeting place for the Carmel Democratic Women's Club that meets a week from today, Friday, June 7, at 2 p.m. Mrs. James A. Metcalf, president of the California Federation of Democratic Women's Study Clubs, reported on the Institute of Government held at Washington, D.C., May 2, 3 and 4, from which she just returned. The sole purpose of the study club is to spread information concerning the Democratic Party's principles and ideals.

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CLANGING CYMBALS



Well, I have just written that letter about people who want to accomplish something thinking they can do it without hard work, and I'm still a little angry. Then, too, I only now heard a broadcast which should have been instructive, if very grave, and which, like the conversation I hear so much about the village, was only senselessly uninformed and filled with the kind of emotion that incites gentle but ignorant people—of which a great part of any nation is largely composed—to a vengeance the nature of which is foolish to say the least of it, and the effects of which make cosmic cataclysms.

So I think I shall relax a little and fall back on a memory. How unenviable are those who have as yet their house of life unlined with the volumes of their memories. For any small recollection is a thin and precious book, to be lovingly bound and put on a shelf where it can be taken down at any time, as we take down a book of sonnets or a comic piece or some tragedy, to suit a mood. That memorable line of Sholem Asch's which begins his book, "The Nazarene," derives a part of its truth from its corollary. Mr. Asch says, you will remember: "Not the power to remember, but its very opposite, the power to forget, is a necessary condition of our existence." And the corollary to that might go something like this: But the power to forget seems to lie somewhere in a mystical wish to forget and it leaves behind the forgetting, the very memories that make life bearable.

I take down a worn little volume and read you a memory.

It is a June morning in New Hampshire, with a robin making that ragged snore birds make just before they wake. A taffeta green sky over east of Fernside Farm, waits to greet the sun and the dusk of the morning still hides in the blackberry vines along the stone wall outside a small girl's bedroom window.

The old farmhouse is still, and when the girl opens her eyes, she smells and hears and tastes the silence of God's own interlude, the breathing space of the master who has just dismissed Night and cannot quite hear yet the trampling feet of his next class, Day. Father's alarm will go off in a few minutes; the baby will cry; the roosters will crow and the chuckling of cows with full udders begin.

Lying thus bathed for a moment, the girl sees the young leaves of the ash outside painted on the tender sky. Something is happening to the girl. This spring for the first time she has ceased to take a leaf for granted and now, lying there beside

her sleeping sister, she sees one leaf as if it were the First Leaf, as if she had for herself alone heard the still voice say, Let there be budding leaves.

For the first time, she feels leaf, its cold blue twig, its burning sap, its face and hands and loins waiting for something; for its sun.

When she slips out of bed, wriggle by wriggle not to disturb the sleeper beside her, and lets fall her long flannelette nightgown, the cool air touches her all over and she shivers, but it is not all for the cold. It is, she thinks, because she has something secret to do; because she has a surprise this morning for the most loved one.

The little room in which she has been sleeping was built two hundred years before and for some mysterious reason, only to be reached either through mother's and father's chamber or through the spare room where grandmother is staying now. There is only one way to do it. She must climb out the window. No one must waken before she gets away.

But it's all right. She does it neatly, though her clothes have been put on hurriedly and one garter lets go as she drops into the wild rose bush under the window; and an old robin scolds.

Oh, bright opening world of Fernside Farm when you are ten! Memory overflows now. The broad blue bosom of that old granny, Crany Hill, that shakes in the morning mist when she laughs at a child escaping; the chipmunk on the stone wall and one white flower of wild berry; the old Gravenstein tree at the back kitchen door shaking dew from its nubbins; and the kitchen, mystic with the life it has lived since she mixed up bread and put it to rise and blew out the lamp and left it alone last night. To be the last to bed and the first up; there is so much life to live here, so much to do!

The child is thirsty, but if she pumped up a drink someone surely would be wakened. So she carefully opens the dishcupboard door. And now comes a great decision: which dish? Among the hodgepodge of old everyday crockery, what bowl is worthy of this honor? Dare she steal into the other room and get one out of the best dishcupboard?

Yes, yes, if she is quiet enough.

And there they all are, grandmother's glass and china, used only on Thanksgiving Day. The child's eyes dance and she puts her fist thoughtfully to her mouth and with the other hand feels tentatively the well-beloved things, placing her palm against her favorite, the chaste glass cream pitcher, with the small deer poised on its side. There is the great Wedgewood platter, and the special bonedishes with sprigs of gold. But it really takes only a moment to see that the only one for her this morning is Aunt Sarah's

finger bowl, a treasure never touched except when Aunt Sarah herself comes home from far off Wisconsin. Now she is free of the house, and as fast as her legs will take her, out of sight.

Where is the clay that made the old Jersey bull that lived in the pen that grandpa built? Where are the narrow roads between stone walls that shone with pink dust when the sun came up? Where are the legs that run with the hard joy? Where the bliss that makes picking the first wild strawberries for mother's breakfast an event that lives out a longer life than I shall live? It's all here, just as it was . . . only deeper and more blissful . . . never believe it isn't here . . . just start walking with the feel of a forbidden dish in your palm . . . only start walking . . . and looking . . . you will see, believe me . . .

Knee deep in dew, stout black shoes soaked with dew, stout black full-length stockings wrinkling at the knees. Brown freckles and snub nose. A blue bird on a tiny twig, singing and swinging and blue smoke coming from Aunt Fanny's chimney. A little heap of blue granite rocks on a warm south slope. Around the rock heap, on their tall stems, the first wild strawberries ripening.

The first wild strawberries for a surprise for mother's breakfast.

A slender bit of memory, you say. Oh, no. For it has lasted with its full content of love and excitement and ecstasy, for thirty years now, and I shall be that child, with that same love and ecstasy, whenever I need to be, forever.

There were only seven berries, one a little on the green side, carefully arranged on its belly to hide that fact. There was mother's smile when she saw them, pretending great surprise but not pretending the love and gratitude. There was her smile, too, when she gave four of the best ones to father.

But it was, if you will, only a child with wrinkled black stockings and a sniffly nose, standing in the dew, tremulous with her mission of love, and feeling all about her the simple world.

—LYNDA SARGENT

+ + +

WHOOPIING COUGH WHOOPS ALL OVER THE COUNTY

The number of whooping cough cases on the Peninsula is increasing. There are 33 of them this week, according to the weekly report sent to us by the Monterey County Health Department.

There are also two cases of animal rabies in western Monterey County exclusive of Monterey and Pacific Grove, which might mean Pebble Beach or might mean Carmel, but probably means Seaside or Oak Grove.

Telfer Will Read Barrymore's Play

Ronald Telfer will read "My Dear Children" tomorrow night at the San Carlos Hotel Solarium. The Community Center Auxiliary is sponsoring it; and it begins at 8:15 p.m.

"My Dear Children" is the play by Katherine Tournay and Jerry Horwin that ran first in Chicago and then in New York with John Barrymore in the lead. The elasticity of the plot gave him a marvelous opportunity to 'ad lib' and he took advantage of it, much to the delight of the management for it sent the box office receipts soaring. The play has netted \$700,000 so far and Katherine's share of that is \$35,000. Not bad. She is Capt. De Witt Blamer's niece, has recently been married and will be here this summer with her new husband.

The famous Barrymore interpolations into the dialogue will be included in Telfer's reading.

U.C. PROFESSOR TO DISCUSS MONROE DOCTRINE

Dr. Malbone Graham of the political science department of the University of California will speak on "The Monroe Doctrine and its Present Day Complications" at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club Tuesday, June 11. It will be a tea meeting beginning at 2 p.m. and reservations are required. Non-members will be charged 50 cents.



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"The wittles is up!"



This column is about food—sometimes.

Knitting needles are busy these days eating up the Red Cross piles of warm, maroon-colored wool, hurrying to turn it into sweaters to send to the European refugees. The thought of what they need, those thousands of unhappy bewildered people, homeless and forlorn, is more than bears visualizing. We can only try to turn the horror and sympathy we feel into greater speed in our fingers.

There are just two knitters in our house, the Senior Feminine Member of the family, and the Constant Eater. Let's call them the S.F.M. and the C.E., for short. The C.E., whose day is pretty well filled with the this-and-that of three meals and dishwashing and bed-making for four, plus those miscellaneous, unpredictable demands incidental to the combination job of mother, wife and daughter-in-law, does most of her knitting in brief spells between-times when she sits down to "take a load off her feet." As a result, all she has completed is the front of one sweater while the S.F.M. has finished one and nearly finished another.

The C.E. is further handicapped by being what I can only call an absentminded housekeeper. She gets the pot roast started and sits down to knit a few rows. The pot roast has promptly left her consciousness so completely that it's like a case of amnesia—until suddenly her nose gets an urgent reminder of its existence. Whereupon she drops her knitting and dashes for the kitchen. If, in this emergency (one of an endless series) she also drops a stitch, she knows she needn't worry about it. She can turn her trouble over to the S.F.M., comfortably secure in the knowledge that a knitting expert will get her out of any knitting jam ever heard of.

The S.F.M., you see, has been knitting probably longer than anybody else around these parts. So long, indeed, that she doesn't remember exactly when she first held knitting needles in her hands. All she is sure of is that she was so small that her little legs stuck out straight on the chair seat, too short to hang over the edge. Now surely she couldn't have been more than the ripe old age of six—and quite likely it was even less. But let's say six. That would make seventy-five years, three-quarters of a century, of knitting experience to her credit! If all the stockings, socks, sweaters, caps, baby jackets, booties, blankets and afghans which she alone has knitted were gathered in one big heap it would tower higher than any building allowed by law in Carmel! So with all this behind her she knits with expert hands, knowing her craft thoroughly, and on the side gives help and good counsel to

those who come to her with their knitting problems.

Sometimes the C.E. gets her housework done—that is, as done as that endless chain of domestic routine ever is done—and can devote a little longer period to the maroon-colored wool. Then, while their needles weave steadily back and forth, she and the S.F.M. indulge in that harmless exchange of thoughts which are the trivial streams constantly feeding the flow known as "woman-talk." Other times, with their masculine relatives at home, they discuss the increasing horrors of the war news, and try to realize the appalling, fantastically immense tragedy across the sea. But now, as they sit by themselves, they escape for a little while into a past where there was peaceful, innocent living and they talk about things that happened long before the world began to turn into a crashing, shrieking hell of menace and destruction.

One of the stories the S.F.M. tells is of the time she went "cousining" in Vermont. This was nearly fifty years ago when she was visiting various Eastern relatives in New England.

It was a good hot day in early July, one of those breathless days when the leaves on the trees seem to hang limp and the dust is thick on the grass and weeds along the stony dirt roads. Cicadas shrill their monotonous, insistent buzz, the air is sweet with summer fragrance, a mingling of hay and sweet fern and roses and honeysuckle, and across the quiet country fields shimmer the lucent heat waves under an almost cloudless blue sky. On such a beautiful Vermont summer day the hostess and her guest and another cousin or two crowded into an open carryall and set out on the long drive to a distant cousin's farm.

It was, of course, to be an all day outing but the only food that was taken along was fresh meat—a generous package of good red-blooded

steaks. The other ingredients necessary for an excellent noon day dinner, they were serenely sure, would be available when they arrived at their destination. After a rattling, swaying ride of several hours they finally drew up before a weatherbeaten farm house, standing resignedly by itself, neighborless and remote. A small child out front cast one startled but comprehensive glance at them and, turning, raced into the house, slamming the rusty screen door and shrieking when inside, "Company! Company!"

And out through the open windows floated a harassed feminine voice, exclaiming urgently, "Where is this child's shirt? She's got another shirt, a good shirt with trimming on it. You get it, and you get it quick!"

Well, perhaps you might think that a busy farm mother would hardly be delighted to have a buggyful of relatives come unexpectedly a-cousining on her, but you'd be wrong. The truth is she was delighted. The whole family was delighted. The farm was a lonely spot and the small familiar happenings of its own rural life were seldom interrupted by colorful visits from the outside world. This was an occasion and everyone loved it.

As soon as the visitors had presented such few gifts as they had brought, which included a pair of shoes for one of the children and a dress or two, as well as the meat, they donned sunbonnets and set off across the road to the field where the wild strawberries grew. They left the fortunate recipient of the new shoes sitting on the floor happily cramming his dirty bare feet into their stiff leather interiors while the rest of the children with eager eyes watched their mother unwrapping the delicious slabs of meat. Chicken they were blasé about, no doubt, but fresh beef was another story.

It didn't take the women long to gather a quart of richly crimson, fragrant sweet berries, enough for a generous shortcake. Imagine strawberry shortcake made wholly of wild berries! "Was there plenty of cream?" asks the C.E., who has an idea heaven is a place where you can have all the whipped cream you want.

"Oh, plenty! More than you could eat," answers the S.F.M., her memory unusually firm in this detail. "We had a fine dinner. Besides the meat we brought they had sweet corn and potatoes and lettuce

and perhaps hot biscuit, I've forgotten. We all helped get dinner and there was a big table full of people, but there was plenty of food for everyone."

They knitted a while in silence. The S.F.M. was busy with her memories of half a century ago, of that day still so clear and bright across the years. The C.E. was trying to knit a little faster. Those last words—"plenty of food for everyone"—had brought stabbing back again the thought of where that sweater was going, an incredible place where for thousands and thousands there was no plenty of anything—except of heartache and desolation and pain.

—CONSTANT EATER

Staged in a new \$75,000 arena, the annual King City Stampede will be presented June 15 and 16, with a program of steer roping, bronco riding, and other popular rodeo features, reports the California State Automobile Association.

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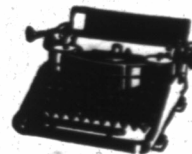


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Personalities & Personals

Henry Woods, whom loads of people around here know because he's had the horses at Yosemite National Park for eight years, has taken himself and his gee-gees up to Vichy Springs this year. The Robert Salzburgers, who run Vichy Springs but who used to be at Robles Del Rio Lodge, think that many of us would like to know about Henry.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fry had a barbecue last Sunday at their Robles Del Rio home. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hitchcock and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hitchcock were there and Mrs. Mary Thompson and Billy Fry.

Philip Chadbourn, who has been living in Elsa Blackman's cottage down below Big Sur for the past six weeks and painting the coast landscapes, moves further south this week for further painting expeditions. He was among the people who dropped in at the Harry Dick Ross's Sunday for supper. Others were the Gordon Newells and their two children, Lynda Sargent, "Red" Winkie and a few others. They picked vegetables out of Shanagolden's own garden for the big black pot.

We hear from Emma Evans that Raoul Carrere is hard at work in Los Angeles and looking forward to another song recital in Carmel. Norman Soreng Wright, with whom he is working, wants him to wait until fall, however. Carrere is also singing in the John Smallman "A Cappella Choir," as good a training ground for a singer as there is on the coast.

Two teas, one for the incoming P.T.A. board members, one for the outgoing members, were held last Thursday and Friday. The incoming tea was at the home of Mrs. Carl Rohr. The outgoing at Mrs. Arthur Strasburger's home on Carmel Point.

Mrs. E. Frederick Smith, president of the 20th District of the Parent-Teachers' Association, has returned from the State Convention at Los Angeles, held from May 21 to May 24.

Jean Aiken, who has been named assistant to Mrs. Helen Wood, secretary to District Superintendent O. W. Bardason at Sunset School, spent a few days this week with her mother in Santa Monica before starting on her new duties.

Betty Hyde, daughter of Mrs. Fern Hyde of Carmel and Santa Monica, will be married tomorrow

in the garden of a friend on Long Island. It is a 4 o'clock wedding and she is marrying Robert Mitchell who is associated with the World-Telegram. Betty has been doing work on the radio in New York. Fern Hyde and her younger daughter, I. Jean, flew to New York this week to attend the wedding. Lad Hyde, the son, will be up from Wilmington, Del., for the occasion. He is associated with the Mentholum Co.

Mrs. Eleanor Yates is feeling definitely "under the weather" and went up to the Peninsula Community Hospital Tuesday morning to be looked after. She'll be back this week-end feeling renewed, she says, "but not like a two-year-old."

Natalie Hatton, daughter of the Howard Hattons of Carmel Valley, was the first to gather together a number of her friends in her class which is to be graduated from Monterey Union High school next week, but many such affairs will follow. Her party was a Spanish supper followed by dancing and "sitting out" around the huge fire. Natalie had a birthday this month and some of her girl friends remembered it, although the party wasn't intended as that sort of a celebration. Guests were Mary Riley, Babette De Moe, Patty Low Elliott, Suzanne McGraw, Zoe Littlefield, Jimmie and Allen Thoburn, Tom Hudson, Max Hagemeyer, Eddie Garguilo, Hugh Evans and Gordon Ewig.

Announcement of the engagement of Claire Falkenberg of Monterey to Richard Bixler of Carmel was made at a tea given by Mrs. M. M. Gragg at her Hartnell street home in Monterey last week. The couple are planning on a June wedding.

The Rev. and Mrs. Carel J. Hulsewé expect to move into their new Hatton Fields home in about a week. Lennart Palme is the architect and it is built with a steeply-pitched roof and dormers, more in the manner of European architecture. It looks charming from the outside.

Mrs. James O. Greenan arrived back in Carmel Tuesday evening after a trip to San Francisco to meet Jim, then on to Reno with him, then back to the city for business with an eye doctor.

Ruth Taft arrived back in town again Tuesday afternoon, this time with her father, who will spend ten days or two weeks with her here.

There was a party on the stage after the performance of "Our

Town" Monday night at the Playhouse. It was for the cast and friends of the cast, and spaghetti and coffee were served in generous quantities at tables set up on the stage.

We note with pleasure, in a recent column of Joseph Henry Jackson in the Chronicle, that Betty Haskell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Haskell of Carmel, has two poems in the California colleges' annual, "First the Blade," published this year by the University of Redlands. Miss Haskell is a student at Salinas Junior College.

Bernice Fraser of the Fraser Looms, who has been under treatment at the Peninsula Community Hospital for several weeks, is back at her home again and expects soon to return to the Looms.

Bill and Ruth Albee, whose book, "Alaska Challenge," recently appeared on the Carmel Library shelves, will be in town in a few days and will stay with the Clarence Whitakers. They are outfitting themselves for another Canadian trip.

The Millises are giving up their house on San Antonio street for the month of July and moving down, bag, baggage and bedding rolls, to the Trails Club at Big Sur. The girls, Martha, Jane and Ann, are looking forward to roughing it for a while and are hoping to pack into the hills on horseback for some real camping.

"The Male Animal" Read by Telfer

Ronald Telfer scored again, this time with the James Thurber-Elliott Nugent comedy, "The Male Animal." He read to a full house at the Legion Clubhouse last Saturday night. This was the final reading of the series and Telfer gave all of his energy and talent to bring the play to life for us. He never fails to astound with his cleverness and versatility in slipping in and out of each role as the character appears. He does it without confusion or over-lapping.

The play is laid in a midwestern university and concerns the amusing situations which arise fast and furiously when a professor in the English department announces he will read a letter written by Vanzetti (Sacco-Vanzetti) just before the latter's execution. He wants to read it because he regards it as a beautiful example of writing by a man who was not in any way to be regarded as a writer and who, in fact, knew little about English grammar. But the board of trustees of the uni-

versity, egged on by an editorial which appeared in the college paper, smell a communist rat. From such a small beginning, another of Thurber's famous "battle of the sexes" begins. It wages through three acts, often hilarious, occasionally touching, but with the underlying theme one to consider thoughtfully. The third act dragged considerably and could have been cut to advantage.

Everyone got a kick out of this play, but Howard Walters, manager of radio station K.D.O.N., perhaps got more of a kick out of it than anyone else. He was at Ohio State with Thurber and Nugent and could identify their characters without difficulty. In fact, the names of the characters in the play were near enough to the names of the actual members of the faculty at that time, to be unmistakable.

—M. W.

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OVER THE CRACKER BARREL AT ROSIE'S

We hear that:

The Robles district is getting to be such nice pickings for vandals that Frank Porter has requested that Dunc McKinnon, who is a deputy sheriff, be stationed up here for the summer. Dunc owns a house and it ought to be easy on the county.

The latest excitement happened the other night when a green Ford roadster came zooming up into the Lawrence yard. Tony chased them down the hill and they said they were pig-hunting, but they had no guns. Tony's place, by the way, is a dead-end road up Hitchcock canyon and has large signs indicating it is a private road.

The tire marks of the green roadster tallied with those found at Wehrhans last week when some jolly roisterers came up and broke the gate down, entered the house through a window, generally messed up the house, emptied bureau drawers, tossed books from the bookcases onto the floor, wrote back-fence obscenities on the walls, dumped flour all over the living room rug, and on the whole had a lovely time.

The Valley-ites are just a bit disturbed—this being the third time the green roadster has been seen going and coming from the scene of destruction, and dad Wilmot has his 44 horse pistol all oiled up, to say nothing of the 30-30 that Tony is nursing. It looks as though the sheriff's office in Salinas had better send up a legal representative before some of the irate citizens go vigilante.

While Al Weir was nursing the 31 cocker bambino his wife wired him from New York, to wit: "At Morris and Essex 48 entries Heritage 2 seconds in class of 3 and class of 6 stop Puncher 3rd in class of 6 stop Primrose 1st in class of 3 and 3rd in class of 6 stop dead tired stop rained all day never saw so much mud in my life stop Mary." All of which was a very good reason for Al to come rushing over to the C.B. and order drinks for the house. Heritage (Pete to us), Puncher and Primrose are the three Bedingtons that Mary drove East with last week.

L'il Wilbur, from the L.L. ranch, was going to the Madrone Rodeo last Sunday for the express purpose of riding bulls, but he got tangled up in a million yards of Chinese noodles and he arrived too late on Sunday morning to make his entry. Maybe it's just as well that he didn't tackle bulls, because noodles are not as tough as bull-ropes

and we all want to keep L'il Wilbur in one piece (one gal in particular prefers him that way), and in good condition for the King City Stampede.

After two weeks' absence Midwife Schoonover, from the L.L., showed up. The bets were flying that he had committed matrimony, but his absence was explained by a bad case of flu. Somewhere in the fracas with the bugs he lost his double chin and spare tire—and a good loss.

The valley is going swank. Sir Humphrey Houghtbull and party from Canada, friends of Larry Williams, came up here recently and tried to get lunch at a local mountain hostelry, but all they could obtain was some canned soup and a sandwich. They said no, and high-tailed down the mountain to the C.B. Such hospitality and conviviality they had only read about in Western pulps. They decided that Rosie and the local cow-hands should get all the votes for the next presidential election. The cow-hands to be Rosie's cabinet.

When four principals in the current dramatic opus at the First Theater walked out cold and left the Misses Denny and Watrous tearing their hair for actors, the Valley came to the rescue. Good old Valley! In their present production of "The Streets of New York" the lead will be played by Bob Cochrane, the mother by Willa Mae McIntosh (she did Mrs. Puffy last time—member?), the female lead which Jessie Joan did so beautifully will be portrayed by Florence Lockwood Cochrane, and Mrs. Puffy will be pinch-hit by another local valley-ite. And that is what we call having loyalty to a cause and a bit of sub-waistline fortitude, because when new actors walk into parts in a show where choice favorites have already established a character—well, it's putting the new actors in a tough spot. However, the D.W. life-savers are all taking a new slant on the parts, and it won't be a matter of comparison, but just

two sets of actors doing two sets of swell jobs. And remember—the Valley-ites have to make a 40-mile trek every night for rehearsal. Good going, we call it.

Even if the powers that be haven't yet granted the post office concession to Rosie, it matters not. Mott Hitchcock has been sitting up nights making a very fancy post office box arrangement for the store and he came down the other night and installed it. It has pigeon holes for every deserving resident. It is painted yellow and blue and has little brass-bound gadgets for nameplates. And what is more—it is not nailed up over the counter where the mail-seekers knock off the merchandise in their frantic efforts to get their advertising circulars. It is set up in the upper left hand corner of the store, right on the way to the coca-cola concession. Nice work, Mott, and a big vote of thanks from the customers. (Note by C.B. Ed.: It looks as though the local fry kind of like Rosie.)

The L. L. Listons from San Francisco, et nee Berkeley, droppin' in on their way back from San Ysidro, full of news about a big bargain. The bargain was a horse, belonging to Al Weingand (late of Pine Inn), for only \$75. Eloise (Mrs. L. L.) always has an eagle eye out for good buys, and she also fell in love with this beautiful little mare, but Lester (Mr. L. L.), being a big-shot business ex for Blake, Moffitt and Towne, got out his pencil and started to figure. \$75 for the horse. \$35 for a trailer to bring him to S.F. \$35 a month for board (unless they could stake her out in the swishy garden in their Russian Hill apartment), \$350 at least for a silver-mounted saddle and bridle. God-knows-how-much for riding habits to make the Golden Gate Park riders look up. Arnica for after-riding—Lester said No! So they compromised by going over to Rancho Carmelo and riding K. D.'s horses.

But after they had finished lunch and were ready to take off for Carmel, where they are staying now, Louise went out and peeked in their car to make sure they hadn't secreted the new palomino colt in their rear seat—the Listons are that sold on the Carmel valley, and horses.

—ELSBETH FRELLSON

The Baldwin McGaws are back. Mrs. Vera Peck Millis met them at the train Tuesday evening and deposited them on their own doorstep at San Antonio and Twelfth. Fresh from a rigorous but highly successful eastern tour, they are thrilled to be back in Carmel again and are preparing for the arrival of their two sons from Montezuma School.

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League of Women Voters Discuss Many Things at Final Luncheon of Season

The terraced lawn of Mrs. Carl L. Voss, that looks down a thousand feet or so upon the sea and upon the miles of spectacular coastline to the south, was the scene of the annual outdoor luncheon meeting of the Monterey County League of Women Voters last Monday.

After a grand luncheon of sliced cold turkey, assorted salads, *apfel kuchen* and coffee, Mrs. Howard Clark, League president, called the meeting to order.

Mrs. B. D. Marx Greene, treasurer, reported a sum received during the past year of \$621.20 with \$748.80 in cash disbursements, leaving a balance of \$72.40. Mrs. Voss, finance chairman, who is working on the State League Expansion campaign, said that \$775 will go into this campaign from Monterey County and that a check for \$500 from a non-member is included in it.

Mrs. Ritter Holman, second vice-president and program chairman, gave a resumé of the year's programs. Following this, Miss Lydia Weld, past-president and chairman of the legislative committee, mentioned the three measures that the league has supported during the past session and which passed the legislature. They are the Neutrality and Reciprocal Trade Agreement, the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act, and the extension of Civil Service to include 250,000 more government employees. This last has passed the House, but the league has not yet heard whether it passed the Senate or not.

Mrs. Russell Scott, chairman of the Foreign Policy Study Group, reported on that group, and Mrs. L. O. Kellogg reported for Mrs. Karl Rendtorff on the Current Events discussion group.

Mrs. Vera Peck Millis spoke of the Institute of International Relations at Mills College from June 23 to July 3. The cost is \$30 for the ten days, including living expenses. Joseph W. Conard, executive secretary, will be at All Saints' Parish House at 1:30 p.m., June 6, to speak on "A Quaker Looks at War," and he will answer any questions concerning this Institute which, according to Mrs. Millis, will be "like going back to college, only on an adult scale."

Judge Mary Bartelme, who heads the Child Welfare Study Group, and Mrs. Howard Walters, of the Propaganda Study group, each reported on work accomplished.

Heated discussion and difference of opinion arose over the question of whether or not a board member of the league should resign or take a leave of absence if she is to engage in political activity. The life blood of the league is its non-partisan policy, according to the president. Mrs. T. G. Emmons of Salinas, board member whose stand and activity on SRA is contrary to the policies supported by the league, has already resigned. Even if the separation is a temporary one, she feels it is necessary. Mrs. J. Richardson Lucas feels exactly the same way. "The entire strength of the organization has been built up on

the fact that it is a non-partisan organization," she said. Mrs. Russell Scott is also in favor of resignation in case of political activity. "The League is far more important than any individual," says she.

But Miss Orre Haseltine said: "The League as an organization is one thing; members acting as individuals are another. We are all either Republicans, Democrats, Socialists or 'what have you.' I see no reason why League activity and political activity cannot be combined, unless it is upon a measure directly opposed to League platforms." Miss Rachel Hiller agreed with Miss Haseltine, saying that the community needs the help of the type of women represented by league board members. Mrs. Millis summed the matter up by adding, "It almost comes to a vote of confidence in our board." Anyway, Mrs. Perry Newberry has resigned because she's been made chairman of the Carmel Democratic Club, but they seem loath to let her go.

Mrs. Warner Clark, president of the State League, who has just returned from the national convention.

(Continued on Page Eleven)

GETSINGER TO TALK ABOUT "CONSUMER COOPERATION"

"Consumer Cooperation" will be explained at a meeting to be held at All Saints' Parish House Tuesday evening, June 4, at 8 o'clock. J. W. Getsinger, local teacher, who has specialized in consumer education, will have for his subject, "Consumer Cooperation—Its Background and Principles," and Mrs. Mildred Cowger, guest speaker from Palo Alto, is to talk on "The Growth of Consumer Cooperation in America." The public is cordially invited to attend.

"OUR AMERICAN COUSIN" CAST IS FORMING

Ronald Telfer held the first reading of "Our American Cousin" last Sunday afternoon at the First Theater in Monterey and spent so much time on each reader that a second try-out is necessary before the casting can begin. Troupers of the Gold Coast will meet again next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock—at the First Theater, of course.

This will be the first play that Telfer has directed for the Denny-Watrous management. Franklin Dixon will do the sets.

Where Teachers Will Summer

Otto W. Bardanson, district superintendent, will stay in Carmel most of the summer to supervise the building of the Carmel High School. He may motor up to Seattle.

Miss Adele Osborne will spend part of the summer vacation visiting her parents in Oakland and will later be seen on the University of California campus. She also hopes to visit in Southern California.

Mrs. Phyllis Heath Walker is to be at Mills summer school in the Educational Work Shop.

Mrs. Frances Cottle Johnson will be at Stanford summer school again this year and later she is planning to take her family to the Redwood Highway.

Arthur Hull will go to San Francisco to be with his folks and then will be at Stanford finishing up a thesis for his M.A. degree. Hull hopes to get up to Lake Tahoe.

Wilson Getsinger will go to New York City where he'll specialize in adult education at Columbia University. He will also take in both World Fairs and visit the Edison Institute in Detroit and the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D. C.

R. J. Gale is going to Mexico City for three weeks' vacation, then up to Stanford summer school for graduate study in psychology.

Mrs. Ann Uzzell is taking physical education at Swope School for Teachers in Santa Cruz. Mrs. Uzzell is also taking her family to Yosemite Valley later in the summer.

Mrs. Alice Patrick will spend the summer with her husband in Los Angeles, then three weeks in the High Sierras and they will finish up their vacation in Southern California at Santa Monica.

Mrs. Edna Lockwood will go to Chicago and on her return trip will travel through Kansas to see her mother. The remaining part of the summer will be spent at Clear Lake

Highlands, California.

Miss Bernice Riley is undecided as to what she will do this summer, but she will be in Oakland for some time.

Mrs. Florence Josselyn is planning to motor up to Canada and will see the S.F. Fair on the way up. A part of the summer will be spent in Carmel, too.

Miss Grace Knowles will be in Lake Tahoe and the High Sierras, but not before the Bach Festival in which she will take part.

Miss Isabel Shultzberg is taking work for a speech credential at San Francisco State College. The remaining part of her summer will be spent traveling around California.

Mrs. Lilly Trowbridge will visit the S.F. Fair and the cool mountains and then she'll take education work at San Jose State College.

Mrs. Bernita Ninneman is hoping to go to Mexico for the summer vacation.

Mrs. Helen C. Wood will be at U.C.L.A. for graduate work in guidance.

Mrs. Helen Poulsen is to be at the University of Washington where she will do graduate work.

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A Letter to Kuster

(Continued from Page Two)

as one could wish. Rosalind Sharpe had a difficult role and it is not harsh criticism of an amateur to say that she failed to measure up to Thornton Wilder's Emily.

I liked John Burr, but found it too difficult to put a southern accent smack into New Hampshire. Colin Kuster made a fine appearance and did his part well.

As I write this I get the information that you are repeating "Our Town" this Friday night (tonight as THE CYMBAL is dated), the receipts to go to War Relief. I sincerely hope that you do it better, much better. The responsibility rests almost entirely on you.

—W. K. BASSETT

+

League Ends Its Season's Work

(Continued from Page Ten)

tion in New York, was a guest speaker. She said that the success of the convention was due to the debate on the floor upon the various measures that were brought up. One of the biggest thrills was hearing Carrie Chapman Catt, 82 years old, speak for 20 minutes. Tony

Sarg was there, about a dozen people prominent in the theatrical world, and there was a fashion show, showing what the well-dressed League of Women Voters member should wear upon various occasions.

Federal Aid to Education has been the main interest of the California League, but the measure did not pass in the National League for either support or study. The Poll Tax Amendment which is now before the Supreme Court to determine its constitutionality is on the league's program for support, and "Safeguarding our Constitutional Rights in Regard to Speech, Press and Education" was unanimously passed for study. They feel that our civil liberties should be particularly safeguarded at the present time. Health Insurance and Federal Responsibility for Public Health are on the program for study this year.

The most interesting debate, Mrs. Clark said, was in the department of Foreign Policy, for this is the first time in the history of this country that there has been a war going on on either side of us.

Mrs. Clark announced that next year a magazine will come to each member each month from the national board. She spoke highly of Miss Marguerite Wells, a member of the national board, and described one or two other national board members. And it seems that the California League is about to publish a voters' handbook. —M. W.

CARMEL THEATRE

Matinee Saturday at 2 p.m.
Sunday Continuous

Fri, Sat • May 31, June 1

Wallace Beery, Dolores Del Rio,
John Howard

Man From Dakota

Margaret Lindsay, Vincent Price
HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES

Sun, Mon, Tues • June 2, 3, 4

Clark Gable, Joan Crawford,
Peter Lorre

Strange Cargo

Wed, Thurs • June 5, 6

Edward G. Robinson
**Dr. Ehrlich's
Magic Bullet**

Jean Muir, Lorraine Day
Billie Burke
AND ONE WAS BEAUTIFUL

**New Books at
the Library**

"Music Here and Now" by Ernst Krenek. The author is a latter-day adherent of the principles of Schoenberg and the 12-tone system; also the composer of "Jonny Spielt Auf." Thus the reader may be prepared for a challenging book. Its subject is the whole question of western music and how it developed until it has reached what the author believes to be the "present turning point of musical history." It is a remarkable and intelligent presentation for the cause of contemporary music.

Other new non-fiction offered this week: "North Cape" by F. D. O'Malley, a book of the sea and the men in the ships; "Prologue to War" by E. Wiskemann, an analysis of Nazi methods of penetration in both the racial and economic spheres from the Baltic to the Balkans and from Denmark to Switzerland, necessary to the understanding of the attitude of these countries at moments of crisis. "We Married an Englishman"; "Oscar Wilde and Yellow Nineties," by Frances Winwar; "Heaven Lies Within Us" by Theos Bernard.

THE FUSE BOX

OUR CHIMNEY SWEEP SENDS US A LETTER; WE ANSWER

W. K. Bassett,
Carmel Cymbal,
Mr. Bassett:

I saw an article in The Cymbal last week about our "Chimney Sweep" sign and of wanting it taken down or disposing of it somehow.

I am very sorry, but it was taken down two days before we saw the paper. I don't blame you at all as you are concerned in the printing of your paper and to keep it in circulation.

It was very nice of Mr. McCreery to

Dr. R. C. Hutchings

DOG AND CAT HOSPITAL
Diathermy Treatments, X-Ray
Modern Hospital / Personal Service

Day or Night • Monterey 5224



CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: 10 cents a line for one insertion. 15 cents a line for two insertions. 20 cents a line for three insertions. 25 cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Minimum charge per ad, 30 cents. Count five words to the line.

1—REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

CARMEL'S BEST BARGAINS
1. Close-in lot, fine trees, corner, for \$500.

Coast acreage, redwoods, madrones, pines and oaks, with water-fall, at \$15 per acre.

1 Magnificent beach site, fully protected view, at \$2,500 per lot.

ELIZABETH MCCLUNG WHITE
Tel. 171 Realtor (22)

TWO BEDROOM cottage southwest of business section on a corner lot, \$2,500. See THOBURNS across from the Library. (22)

NEW HOUSE, Hatton Road north of Ocean. Used brick, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Also white log house, San Juan Road, Carmel Woods, 5 rooms. Carl Bensberg, Carmel 1543. (tf)

HATTON FIELDS—A fine large lot close to High School \$1100. 90-ft. frontage. This is a real buy in this restricted home section. A brand new home in Hatton Fields—3 bedrooms, 2-car garage, \$9850, FHA monthly payments. Another home with large lot on corner, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, view of mountains and water, \$10,500. Lot alone worth \$5000. **CARMEL REALTY COMPANY**, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. (22)

FOR SALE OR FOR RENT. Well built stucco home. 2 bedrooms. Third of an acre. Lovely garden. Close in. Tel. 970-J. (tf)

REAL BARGAIN. MUST SELL. Lot 4, Block 157, Guadalupe near Pico, Carmel Woods. See your agent or call Carmel 1268. (tf)

\$1900 WILL BUY one of Carmel's choice corner lots. Excellent district. 12th and Camino Real. Close to beach. Only \$700 cash required. Write Box 1813, or Tel. Carmel 646. (tf)

Cymbal Classified Ads are powerful little things.

5—HOUSES FOR RENT

BY MONTH OR YEAR at Carmel Point on Bayview between Santa Lucia and Martin Way. Phone 512-J. (25)

NEW MODERN COTTAGES, one unfurnished, one furnished. Available June 1. Inquire premises, 825 Sinex Ave., corner Cedar, Pacific Grove. (tf)

SMALL COTTAGE close in. Suitable for 2 or 3 people. Also 2 rooms with bath. Private home. Call Mrs. Douglas, Carmel 707. (tf)

14—ROOMS FOR RENT

BEDROOM WITH SEPARATE entrance from patio; sunny, restful and quiet. Adjoining shower. Easy walk to town. Morning coffee served. Tel. 891-J. (22)

bring it up in the council meeting as the sign is about 30 feet from the road. But he failed to bring up about the sign which is in the south of me.

I think it would be a very good idea for Mr. McCreery to get those pine needles off the roof of the Thoburn real estate building as it is more dangerous than a chimney sweep sign and would also save those shop windows from being burned out. It seems to be a great task to get this building cleaned off. We have asked the fire chief and also the fire marshal about it, but nothing seems to have been done and in the meantime the needles are getting pretty deep up there. As you know it is getting pretty dry and I guess I will have to go to the council and see what can be done about it.

Mr. Bassett, don't get the idea that this is a crank letter, as it is not. I am only trying to save Carmel from any serious destruction. It would please me very much if you would print this in your paper.

W. E. GAINES

My dear Mr. Gaines:
Sorry, but you are off on the wrong foot in regard to The Cymbal's mention of your "Chimney Sweep" sign. We made no reference to it other than to report what had been said about it at the city council meeting. That's part of our job as a newspaper in return for doing which subscribers pay us a dollar a year. We can't help it if you don't get around to reading the paper until a day or two after it comes out. That's your funeral.

As for your comment on pine needles on the roof of a business building, it's more than possible that you've got something there.

W. K. BASSETT

1—REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

MISSION TRACT LOTS—Large 60 ft. lots with marvelous views for \$1550 and \$1850—convenient to business section as well as to beach. A section of all new homes. All utilities and especially underground wiring. Compare the value with any other lots in surrounding sections. These lots are real lot buys on today's market. FHA will make construction loans for new homes. Low monthly terms arranged to suit purchaser. We urge you to see these lots before buying. **CARMEL REALTY COMPANY**, Ocean Ave. Or see ANY CARMEL BROKER. (22)

41—MASSAGE

HEALTH IS BEAUTY. Glamour girls all consult Harriett Dell Blewett, massage, Eighth and San Carlos. Tel. Carmel 142. Slenderizing Hollywood methods. Reclining cabinet baths \$1.25. (22)

20—TRANSPORTATION WANTED

TRANSPORTATION to Boston by woman with small Pekingese. Will share expenses of trip. Call Cymbal, 77. (tf)

17—FOR SALE

TWO FINE hotel or restaurant gas ranges for sale cheap. One with broiler attached. Tel. Monterey 7440. (tf)

28—HELP WANTED

STENOGRAPHER with some practical knowledge of double entry book-keeping. Part time. Apply Box L-72. Cymbal office. (tf)

29—JOBS WANTED

GIRL SEEKS JOB as general office worker, stenographer, receptionist in doctor's office, or store clerking. Call 994-J. (tf)

WHATEVER YOU WANT DONE! We have the man for you—for every kind of work. Call at the Smoke Shop, across the street from the P.O., or Tel. 316. (tf)

18—WANTED

A PIANO, either to rent or, preferably, to be given a good home. Michael Mann. Tel. Carmel 812-M.

Dogs and Cats

WILL SOMEONE give a home to a lovable little dog who does not appear to have one? He is Irish terrier in color and wirehair in shape. Call the Cymbal Office, 77. (22)

24—LOST AND FOUND

BLACK PURSE lost probably on Dolores or Lincoln. Call Carmel 1917. (22)

BUY LOTS NOW!

Real Estate Is the
Best Investment
For Safeguarding
Idle Money

BARGAIN LOTS

CARMEL WOODS

Lowest Prices
Larger Lots

\$550 \$600 \$650

on Payments Low as
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DEL MONTE KENNELS**
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FOURTH AND MISSION
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CARMEL

A. D. H. C. O.

Heating / Plumbing
Sheet Metal and Electrical Work
Gas Appliances
San Carlos and Fifth / Tel. 270

**MERLE'S
TREASURE CHEST**

**JEWELRY / ART WARES
NOVELTIES**
Ocean Avenue at Lincoln Street

Flynn in "Perfect Specimen" At The Playhouse

You'll be able to see Errol Flynn in "The Perfect Specimen" at the Playhouse tomorrow afternoon and evening. Joan Blondell, Hugh Herbert and Edward Everett Horton, Allen Jenkins and May Robson are in it too, and it's an amusing comedy.

Sunday and Monday "Lloyds of London" comes to the Playhouse starring Freddie Bartholomew and Madeleine Carroll. This picture is notable as the first to feature Tyrone Power. It's a momentous picture and if you missed seeing it, now is your chance.

"Destry Rides Again" is scheduled for Tuesday and Wednesday with Marlene Dietrich and James Stewart. They are ably supported by Una Merkel, Mischa Auer, Brian Donlevy, Irene Hervey and many others.

"The Slipper Episode" is the French importation for the week, arriving Wednesday. The story is adapted from Tristan Bernard's famous novel, "Le Voyage Imprevu." The New York Times labeled the film "a French version of 'It Happened One Night'."

+ + +

HAWAII WRITES FOR DATES OF OUR BACH FESTIVAL

The Carmel Business Association is in receipt of this letter and Camilla Daniels told me about it so I hastened to get it:

Waialua School
Waialua, Oahu, Territory of
Hawaii

Gentlemen:

Last year I had the extreme pleasure of attending your marvelous Bach Festival. Do you intend to repeat this this summer, and if so, on what dates? I hope to be able to attend the Festival again if given during the summer of 1940. An early reply will be greatly appreciated, as I am now making up my itinerary for this summer.

Very truly yours,
P. H. WOOLEY
Principal.

+ + +

HERBERT HERON RE-OPENS SEVEN ARTS SHOP

The Seven Arts returns to trade. Herbert Heron, associated with John Pairitz, opens today a shop in the main Seven Arts Court for the sale of radios, phonographs, records, art materials, stationery, and prints.

On selling the book department of the Seven Arts two years ago Heron had planned the store he is opening today, but the call of the people which made him mayor of the city demanded too much of his time.

+ + +

Lee Crowe left yesterday. He'll get to Nova Scotia in time for his parents' wedding anniversary.

+

Edward Best, painter from Ross Valley and friend of Marie Short, left La Playa Wednesday after a few days here.



**DEL MONTE
DOG & CAT
HOSPITAL**
W. H. Hammond
CASTROVILLE
HIGHWAY
Telephone Mont. 8324

"Strange Cargo" at the Carmel Theatre Sunday; "Man from Dakota" Now



CLARK GABLE and JOAN CRAWFORD in "Strange Cargo"

John Howard, Dolores Del Rio and Wallace Beery are involved in "The Man from Dakota," a Civil War story, which is at the Carmel Theatre tonight and tomorrow. It is a behind-the-lines adventure of peril and intrigue and murder, with Beery in another appealing good, bad-man role.

"Strange Cargo," starring Clark Gable and Joan Crawford with Ian Hunter, Peter Lorre and Paul Lukas, arrives at this theatre Sunday to stay through Tuesday. The cream of a South American penal colony's unregeneracy launch a mass escape scheme. Gable, as convict Verne Andre, believes implicitly in his own strength and endurance to

carry him through any crisis. Miss Crawford, as Julie, the cafe entertainer whom Andre has forced to come with him, re-establishes her standing as a dramatic actress which was conceded for her work in "The Women." Ian Hunter does a deft and certain portrayal of a mysterious stranger, Cambreau, who subtly influences the lives and deaths of all around him. Around Hunter's Cambreau all the action revolves, and the stalwart understanding which this actor has given his finest part makes all the rest of the story possible and credible.

Frank Borzage, directing, has interwoven the clashing physical forces of the story with its underlying spiritual theme in such a way that he achieves the complete enthrallment of the beholder, gripped by the melodrama, the unique background, and a quality of both mystery and timelessness.

ELSA LOUISE GEORGE, 9, TO GIVE PIANO RECITAL

Elsa Louise George, nine-year-old daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Alex George of the Presidio, is having a piano recital all her own on Tuesday, June 11. It will be held at the home of her parents. Elsa Louise has been studying piano with Emma Evans for 18 months and has never studied with anyone but Mrs. Evans. She shows promise of developing into one of the important ones if she doesn't get sidetracked into something else.

+ + +

Mr. and Mrs. Hawley Strong of San Francisco left this week after two weeks at the Ninole Locan house on Casanova.

+ + +

52 whiffs of the flavor and tang of Carmel—a subscription to The Cymbal is One Dollar a year.

+

Graduation is an important cornerstone in the life of any young man. The event should be observed with new clothes for him. At this modern store, he'll get the latest and smartest styles in fine quality clothing and furnishings at sensible prices.

CHARMAK & CHANDLER of Carmel

+

Emma Evans Will Have Recital by Pupils Tuesday

Emma Evans holds a recital of her piano pupils Tuesday night, at 8 o'clock, at her studio. All of her recitals are invitational affairs as Mrs. Evans does not believe in public concerts for students.

The students who will participate will be Sidney Small, Donald Ogden Stewart, Carol Ann Smith, Ruth Townsend, Jack Williamson, Jo Ann Gorham, Lyman Anikev, Dianne Lewis, Margot McMahon, Doris Lewis, Pete Steffens, Jannie Williamson, Louis Rudolph, Mary Jane Reel, Carol Canoles, Doris Evans, Martha Moller, Jo Anne Thorn, Patricia Lovell, Tatiana Serzn, Elsa Louise George, Claire Warner, Judy McMahon and John Good.

Hal Garrott, who has just finished composing a two-piano number which is still in manuscript and still unnamed, will play this music for the first time in public with Mrs. Evans at the second piano.

Topping off the entertainment, John Burr, who sang so beautifully at the Carmel Art Gallery last week, will sing two songs.

Mrs. Evans will entertain for a few friends after the recital is over.

+ + +

CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS FULL

HAVE

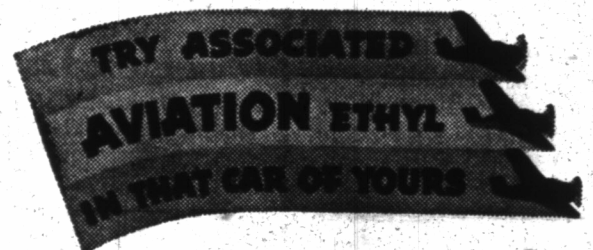
You

NOTICED?

In some restaurants the diners have their heads poked in papers and books; but at Williams' Restaurant they enjoy their food too much to be concerned with the stock market or best sellers?

The reason is very simple. Simply better food, better prepared, and better served.

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RESTAURANT**



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